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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1754.

Original Poetry.

SMILES AND TEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

I have found out in life that this
In a curious world of ours,
That where I looked for sharpest thorns,
I've gathered the fairest flowers;
That clearest dew on the nightshade slept,
And the purest joys were laid
On the bitter tears pale misery wept,
And the ruin despair had made.

That when I've gone with glee to meet
The tide of pleasures flow,
With laughing eyes and dancing feet,
I have drunk of the deepest woe
And seen the wildest tempest blow,
And the blackest storms arise
From summer zephyrs breathing low,
And the depths of azure skies.

A wondrous earth is this of ours,
The one I am wandering in,
Fraught with the bliss of angel bowers,
And the gloomiest weight of sin:
Where joy and woe pass on the while
On their journey side by side,
And soft peace leaves her sweetest smile
Where the brightest hopes have died.

New Brighton, Pa.

Original Story.

THE PRESENTIMENT.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

For a long time I sat still after closing the letter. My brain whirled round and round in the blackness of despair: and yet, all the time, there shone down upon its dizzy darkness a broad, bright sun—the sun of Florence's love. "Honor and justice" forbid that I should step in between her and the man who had been constant to her from childhood. Florence—the pure, angelic creature of my worship—was right. Did I blame her for turning from her plighted faith to love me? As well I knew that it was beyond her power to prevent the union of our souls, as I knew that mine, too, first standing in her presence, had reached out and drawn her spirit irresistibly to itself. Did I blame her for now keeping her promises, as far as was possible, to the one whose happiness was long ago placed in her keeping?

I felt that she was right. I dared not trust in the judgment of my sister, and say to myself, selfishly,—"he does not love her as I love," "his hope is not all at stake."

My arms rested upon the table, and my head was bowed down upon them. Out of the mingled blackness and glory which flooded my brain, a shape at last grew into seeming reality—the face, the form of Florence, as she fled from me through the wood—so pale, so thin, and yet with that look of unutterable love and pleading upon the sorrowful countenance.

"My dream begins to take to itself substance," I muttered. "I knew, when I awoke from it, that some wordless wo, some long, long term of endurance was in store for me. And this—oh, this is equal to that intense suffering. But was there not a moment of joy—a moment of more than mortal rapture—when I held my Florence in my arms—when her head rested upon my bosom, and I, kissing her lips, drank in the divine joy which beamed from her eyes?" aye! there was such a moment in the dream—worth living through all this sorrow for—but it was succeeded by a dreadful catastrophe, from which Florence was saved, but in which I fell from her—forever? why did the dream break there so abruptly? I had rather know my fate at first. Perhaps, in my death-hour it was to be permitted me, that she, whom I had loved so well and purely, should come to me free in that time when earthly ties were severed, to declare her love. Through the shadow of the valley of death I was to pass alone—and then? I was angry with my dream that it had broken off there; for the hope that now sustained me was, that spirits thus mysteriously drawn together here, would be one in heaven, whatever earthly accidents befalled them. It was presumptuous in me to strive to pierce the secrets of another world; they would not reveal themselves, desire it [illegible]

[illegible] old world. They liked the sunny skies and golden airs of Italy. The health of the [illegible] was very poor; and they were afraid of a speedy decline, should they return to the winters of New England. I supposed [illegible] to be a wife, but never asked. One day [illegible] ed over a city paper, and saw, amid bits of foreign gossip, interesting to people at [illegible], the marriage of their former townsman, Charles Evelyn, with a French lady of distinguished beauty and fortune. For a moment the [illegible] of life stood still: then they rushed on [illegible]phantly, only to be again checked by the [illegible]—could it be *the* Charles Evelyn? I [illegible] long to remain in suspense; a letter [illegible] brought in, a letter bearing a foreign [illegible]mark; and at sight of the delicate superscription, I knew that my soul was to receive [illegible] sage of fate.

The vague, strange hope that had [illegible] on through years, made endless by [illegible] life, had assumed a tangible shape. [illegible] Evelyn was married; and Florence had [illegible] to say, that if I still remembered her, [illegible] perfectly free to return my love. For [illegible]planations, she would wait until she saw [illegible] heard from me.

I felt as if I could fly across the sea upon wings. Still, as no matter what the rapture or the agony of man's passion, making him for the moment feel superior and immortal, so long as he is upon earth, he is bound by the chains of earthly laws, and I was forced to confess to my eager soul, that I had *not* wings, and could *not* fly. And more, such was the present position of affairs at home—my father died some months before, and all responsibility of the estate devolving upon me—that it would be half a year before I could possibly adopt the more tangible means of taking passage in a steamship for the old world.

But as much of my elated and burning spirit as could be crowded into language was sent by letter to Florence. I did not ask her by what happy circumstances she was made mine; I only felt and wrote of her being mine; and bewailed the misfortune of absence from her presence for so long. In her answer, she gave me a brief history of her life for the past four years.

Her ill-health had induced her lover to consent to her wish to delay their marriage; and her mother, at that time, seeming to go into a decline, had induced her father to put in operation a plan he had long entertained, of visiting Europe. As Charles Evelyn was to be one of the party, he was pleased, rather than otherwise, at the proposition. He was very attentive to her during the voyage. Taught, by the study of her own heart, that his tender gallantries and kind deference were not the expressions of such love as *she* was capable of, she began to take courage; and to believe that she might not be doing him an irreparable wrong, if she confessed to him the true reason of her reluctance to marrying him. She was the more prompted to this, because there was, among their fellow-voyagers, a young French girl, of exquisite beauty, of good family and great wealth, who seemed to be fascinated by the wit and personal attractions of Mr. Evelyn, and upon whom she had often observed his eyes rest with delight, if not love.

The charming light-heartedness, the pretty wiles and graceful coquetries of this young creature, she could see were stealing the senses of her betrothed. So, the day before [illegible] landed, she ventured upon her dreaded [illegible]munication. He was more affected [illegible] had supposed that he would be; declari[illegible] nestly, with tears of grief as well as [illegible] his lustrous eyes, that he never could be [illegible] in giving her up—but, if she could [illegible] lightly from the love of a lifetime, he co[illegible] nothing—she might go. Then Florenc[illegible] bitterly. She pressed his hand, and [illegible] that if it was to cause him any sorro[illegible] would never refer to the subject agai[illegible] would try to renew her affection for hi[illegible] would be a good wife to him; and [illegible] never should have caused him the pain [illegible] confession, if she had not seen that [illegible] loved him, who would deserve him mo[illegible] who, if she could trust the story of hi[illegible] he very greatly admired.

"That French doll—phew!" but he [illegible] nevertheless.

And there the matter rested for that [illegible]

The next day, when Mademoiselle Vi[illegible] was ready to get into the small boat [illegible] her, she approached her new friends, th[illegible]ersons, and gave them a cordial and [illegible] invitation, when they had seen Paris, t[illegible] out to her father's chateau, and remain [illegible] as she could make it agreeable to them.

[illegible]

[illegible] vines, whose blossoms loaded the morning air with a sweetness that was as of Paradise. My heart was flooded with light, fragrance and glory. The day before I had arrived at Naples, I had met my Florence. The evening previous, I had sat with her until midnight in the moonlighted balcony of her mother's apartment. In a shadowy corner we sat alone. I had heard her voice, low and freighted with timid joy; I had looked long into her blissful eyes, beaming through all their fathomless depths with a new happiness; I had taken her gently to my bosom, gently, lest she should be frightened at the almost fearful love that was throbbing there; I had smoothed back the tresses from her fair forehead, and kissed her open lips and brow. She had wept upon my breast in the fullness of her delight; in those few hours the darkness of years had melted away, and a heavenly radiance taken its place.

Yes, I was content, I saw the sun arise upon that classic land, haunted by the shades of former gods, and he was not more full of fire and light than was my soul. But the dream! that had come back to me during my brief sleep—and now, in the very face of the glowing sun, it mocked my thought. I had overtaken my Florence; I had soothed away the melancholy from her imploring eyes; I had held her to my heart—I had drank a new life from the kisses of her lips—so far, then, the dream had been fulfilled; and now, through all my sleep, I had seemed to fall; and being awake, I was still followed by an uncertain, dizzy dread. A dread, that like some haunting ghost, is terrible, because unseen and intangible. But it could not affect me; it was near me, but it did not touch me. I was superior to fear or danger.

The friends with whom I had come over from America, wished, that day to ascend to the top of Mount Vesuvius; and I, though much preferring to remain at home with my beloved Florence, had consented to go with them. We were to start early, and I heard them calling me, from the staircase, to come to breakfast.

The Emersons, who had apartments in another part of the city, were to join us, as we passed, and accompany us to the foot of the mountain.

How beautiful Florence looked, as she came [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the example. What would become of us [illegible] every man who has a business that yields a [illegible] in these hard times, should devote the [illegible] profits to feeding the poor!—*Fireside Journal.*

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;

OR,

THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XL.—CONTINUED.

The sky was overcast, the ground was covered with snow, the weather was damp, and very cold for the last of March. As evening drew on, the leaden sky lowered, and the chill [illegible] penetrated the comfortable carriage in which they travelled, Mr. Willcoxen redoubled his attentions to Miriam, carefully wrapping the cloak and furs about her, and letting down the leathern blinds and the damask hangings, to exclude the cold; but Miriam shrank from his touch, and shivered more than before, and drew closely into her own corner.

[illegible]

she was hurried on into the house.

They were expected home, and old Jenny had fires in all the occupied rooms, and supper ready to go on the table, that was prepared in the parlor.

But Miriam refused all refreshment, and hurried to her room. It was warmed and lighted by old Jenny's care, and the good creature followed her young mistress with affectionate proffers of aid.

"Wouldn't she have a strong cup of tea? Wouldn't she have a hot bath? Wouldn't she have her bed warmed? Wouldn't she have a bowl of nice hot mulled wine? Dear, dear, she was so sorry, but it would have frightened *herself* to death if the carriage had upset with *her*, and no wonder Miss Miriam was knocked up entirely. Well, then, at least wouldn't she have some hot gin toddy, and put her feet in hot water?"

"No, no, no!"

Miriam would have nothing, and old Jenny reluctantly left her—to repose? Ah, no! with fever in her veins to walk up and down and up and down the floor of her room with fearful unrest. Up and down, until the candle burned low, and sunk drowned in its socket; until the fire on the hearth smouldered and went out; until the stars in the sky waned with the coming day; until the rising sun kindled the eastern horizon; and then, attired as she was, she sank upon the outside of her bed, and fell into a heavy sleep of exhaustion. Was it the effect of nervous excitement that she had that morning a repetition of her strange dream or vision, and awoke with the words, "*Perform thy vow!*" ringing in her ears.

She arose unrefreshed, and after a hasty toilet descended to the breakfast parlor, where she knew the little family awaited her.

"The journey and the fright have been too much for you, love; you look very weary; [illegible]

[illegible]

When Miriam reached her bed-room, she carefully closed and locked the door, went to her bureau, opened the top drawer, and took from it a small oblong mahogany jewel-case. She unlocked the latter, and took out a small parcel, which she unwrapped and held before her upon the bureau.

It was the golden goblet.

The latter was the one thing which had come from her former life to her present. During the first years of her wandering's, she never parted from it, for it was a memento of her father, and preserved associations for her of the happy existence in Lisbon. Long years in all passed by. Years, during which she had to struggle for the means of subsistence, and sought the presence of his youthful daughter, when he knew her to be alone in the parlor, and with a good deal of mystery and hesitation had left before her a dagger which he said he should rather have given to "Master Paul," if the latter had been at home. He had picked it up near the water's edge on the sands the night of Miss Mayfield's death, which Miriam had taken to be a sign, that he was afraid to harrow up his feelings by bringing it to him a second time—but that as it was an article of value, he did not like to take it away with him. And he begged Miss Miriam to take charge of it. And Miriam had taken it, not with surprise, but without the slightest suspicion, that the sound of "strange noises in the ocean" carried upon its handle. To all her questionings, Melchizedek had given evasive answers, or remained obstinately silent. At the last determined not to betray his master's confidence by conveying to his niece the secret of the fatal night. Miriam had taken the little instrument, wrapped it carefully in paper, and locked it in her old-fashioned bureau's inner box. And from that day to this she had not opened it.

Now, however, she had taken it out with a fixed purpose, and she stood and gazed upon it. Presently she took the paper, which lay on the paper, took her lamp, and slowly left her room, and passed along the passages leading to Mr. Willencen's library.

The storm howled and raved as she went, and the strong blast driving through the gaping, dated window-sashes, nearly extinguished her light before she reached the library door.

She blew out the light and set down the lamp, and rapped at the door, but received no answer. Again and again she rapped, without awaking any response from within.

Then she turned the latch, opened the door and entered. No one else had received an answer.

The abstracted man before her seemed deaf to every sight and sound around him. He sat before the table in the middle of the room, his elbow on the mahogany; his face leaned upon his hand, his haggard countenance revealing a wild, speechless despair as awful as it was profound.

Miriam approached and stood by him, her breath held by her cheek, so near she stood, and yet her presence was unheeded. She stooped to see the object which he gazed at—the object that now shut out all the world from his sight—it was a long bright trace of golden arabesque hair.

"Mr. Willencen!"

He did not hear her—her should he hear her low tones, when he heard not the cannonading of the storm that shook the house to its foundation?

"Mr. Willencen!" she said once more.

But he moved not a muscle.

"Mr. Willencen!" she repeated, laying her hand upon his arm.

He looked up. The expression of haggard despair softened out of his countenance.

"Is it you, my dear?" he said. "What has brought you here, Miriam? Were you afraid of the storm? There is no danger, dear child —no, no danger, I hope, for it, and will soon be over—but sit down."

"Oh, no! it is not the storm that has brought me here, though I scarcely remember a storm so violent at this season of the year—except one—this night seven years ago—the night that Marian Hayfield was murdered!"

He started—it is true that he had been thinking of the same dread tragedy—but to hear it suddenly mentioned, pierced him like an unexpected sword thrust.

Miriam proceeded—speaking in a strange, rapid monotonous tone of excitement, as if control her voice for.

"I came this evening to restore a small but costly article of value, belonging to you, and left in my care sometime ago, by the late Melchizedek. It is an antique dagger—somewhat rusty and spotted—here it is."

And she held the poniard down upon the tress of hair before him.

He sprang to as if it had been a viper—his whole frame shook, and the perspiration started from his livid forehead.

Miriam, hoping now eye upon him, took the dagger by.

"It is very rusty, and very much wrinkled," she said. "I wonder what those dark spots can be? They run along the edge, from the extreme point of the blade, upwards towards the handle—they look to me like the stains of blood—as if a murderer had stabbed his victim with it, and in his haste to escape, or dread and forget to wipe the blade, but had left the blood upon it, to ossify and corrode the steel—see! don't it look so to you?" she said, approaching him, and holding the weapon up to his view.

"Girl! girl! what do you mean?" he exclaimed, throwing his hand across his eyes, and hurrying across the room.

Miriam flung down the weapon with a force that made its metallic ring resound on the floor, and hastening after him, she stood before him: her dark eyes fixed upon his, streamed with inquiring and commanding fire, that seemed to burn through into his brain. She said.

"I have heard of fiends in the human shape, say, I have heard of Satan in the guise of an angel of light! Are you such that stand before me now?"

"Miriam, what do you mean?" he asked, in sorrowful astonishment.

"This is what I mean! That the mystery of Marian Mayfield's fate, the secret of your long absence in Europe, the reason why you left with the murder of Marian Mayfield," she exclaimed, without once withdrawing that strearing, fiery gaze.

"Miriam, you are mad!"

"Oh! I will for me—and better still for you if I were mad! But! I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and solemness."

He was tremendously shaken, more by the vivid memories she recalled, than by the accusation charge she made.

"Yes! I said Marian Mayfield. I made a slight mistake in the name. I denounce you as the murderer of your wife, Marian Willencen!"

"In the name of Heaven, what leads you to imagine such impossible facts?"

"Good knowledge of the facts—that this month, eight years ago, in the little Methodist chapel of the navy yard, in Wellington City, you made Marian Mayfield your wife—that this very night you left your house, in a violent storm at this, on the beach below Pine Bluff, you met and murdered Marian Willencen—And, moreover I assert you, that upon the body which I tell you now to uncover I will lay before a magistrate, together with the certificate of the marriage, proof in my possession!"

"And what proof can you have?"

"A gentleman's, unknown and unsuspected, witness of the private meetings customary between yourself and Marian, a packet of love letters, written by yourself from Glasgow, to Marian in St. Mary's, in the Spring of 1822, a note found in the pocket of your dress, appointing the fatal meeting on the beach at which the perished, in evidence that you were in the identity of the hand-writing, two physicians, who will testify to your absence, unaccountable absence, from the death-bed of your grandfather, upon the night of the murder, and also to the agitation and strangeness of your manner before you left, returned late in the morning. If these circumstances fail to convict you, I have no doubt that other facts will be elicited by the investigations of the trial. I have observed that such is often the case! My duty is to lay such evidence as I have before a magistrate, and I shall do it! Then let the ferrets of the law find out the rest of the bloody tenderness!"

"And this," said Thurston, gazing in mournful amazement upon her; "this is the child that I have nourished and brought up in my house! She can believe me guilty of such atrocious crime—she can aim at my honor and my life such a deadly blow!"

"Aim! aim! Is my duty! it is my fate! I cannot avoid it! I have sworn to avenge my fearful end!" I cannot evade it! I shall not survive it! Oh, all this Heaven's will! It is Heaven, and all the earth leagued with him!" cried Miriam wildly.

"You are insane—poor girl! your are insane," said Thurston, pityingly

"Would Heaven I were! would Heaven I were! but I am not! I am not! You will remember! I have loaned my soul by an oath to work out Heaven's forfeiture, and deliver it up to death! And I must do it! I must do it! though my heart break—as it will break in the end!"

"And you believe me to be guilty of this awful crime?"

"There stands the fearful evidence! Would Heaven it did not exist! oh! would Heaven it did not!"

"Listen to me, dear Miriam," he said calmly, for he had now recovered his self-possession. "Listen to me! and if after the statement of the crime you impute to me, there is a possibility that I could be exculpated in the eyes of all candid men, I will not only have cause to your knowledge, but to my own, to rejoice that I have been able to disclose! but listen, Miriam, she watched her hand away, suddenly, wildly.

"You think this hand a blood stained one?"

"The evidence! the evidence!"

"I can explain that evidence. Miriam, my child—Miriam, I implore you to listen to me! Miriam, you will not—you will not leave me—please—only let it be near enough for you to hear me. Did I believe you guilty upon this grief and anger might possibly not my lips upon this subject—but believing you partially through—Miriam! Miriam! what! what!"

Miriam dropped into the nearest chair.

Mr. Willencen took another, and continued:

"You have received some truth, Miriam. You have been holding in your hand a fact not sub now. I say precisely. I was mistaken, as you have somehow ascertained, to the deep stain of blood upon the blade. I corresponded with her from Glasgow. I did promise to marry her upon her return, and was the fatal evening in question—for what purpose that meeting was appointed, it is bootless to tell you, for you have the main fact, and the other some hours before I should have set out to keep my appointment, I was taken ill with strickten with apoplexy. I did not wish to leave his bedside until the arrival of the family physician. But this evening were so pressing upon me, that I gave money upon Melchizedek and Melchizedek to the city to fetch her from the beach to this house—never to leave it. Miriam, the boy reached the oasis only to find her dead. In the agony of his despair, he hurried back and told me the story. In the anguish of my remorse, I, overlooking, but that my wife lay wounded and dying—I opened the door, and hurried back, and galloped with all possible haste to the spot. By the time I had got there the storm had reached its height, and I found his companion entirely covered with the boiling waves. My frantic shouting failed to attract, and spent the wretched night in wandering up and down the bluff above the beach, and calling on dead for aid. In the morning I returned home, had my grandfather dead, and the family and physicians assembled around the corpse—all in a stun. That, Miriam, is the story."

Miriam made no comment whatever. Mr. Willencen seemed surprised and grieved at her silence.

"Have you now to say, Miriam?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?—what do you think of my explanation, child?"

"It is plausible!"

"Plausible! Can you believe, Miriam, that I could sink so low as to invent such a story?"

"If you could have committed the first crime that made such an invention expedient —yes!"

"And you think that I have done these things?"

"I think nothing. My mind is in an agony of doubt and conjecture. I must be governed by stern facts—not by my own presumptions. I must act upon the evidences in my possession, and upon your explanations of them," said Miriam distractedly, as she arose to leave the room.

"And you will denounce me, Miriam?"

"It is my inexpurtable duty! it is my task—my doom! for it will kill me!"

"Yet you will do it?"

"I will."

"At turn, dear Miriam! Look on me once more—for my hand! since you act from no enmity, do mankind from any personal motive! Will Miriam distractedly, as she arose to leave the room.

"And you will denounce me, Miriam?"

"It is my inexpurtable duty! it is my task—my doom! for it will kill me!"

"Yet you will do it?"

"I will."

"At turn, dear Miriam! Look on me once more—for my hand! since you act from no enmity, do mankind from any personal motive! Will you denounce me?"

She turned—and stood—such a picture—a tearless agony! She met his gentle, compassionate glance—it baulked—it subdued her.

"Oh! could Heaven that I might do, rather than do this thing! would Heaven I might die for my heart burns to you—it turns—and I love you more than life! I love you more than so much as now! my brother! my brother!" and she fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands, wept over them.

"What, Miriam! do you love me, believing me to be guilty?"

She cried, forgetting in her wild emotion, that a man, should her pity be equivalent to that by have denied his sin, as she had just before believed him to have done, in the explanations that he had given her—

"To have been guilty—not to be guilty—you have suffered temptation, and have yielded! three many long and wretched years. Oh! many repentance washes out my guilt!"

"And you can now caress and weep over my hands, believing them to have been crimsoned with the blood of my wife, and of your own friend?"

"Yes! yes! yes! yes! Oh! would these tears, my very heart sobs forth, might wash away those stains! Oh! that I could relieve you guilty of not, my brother! the more I listen to my heart, the more I love you, and cannot help it!"

"It is because your heart is so much wiser than your head, dear Miriam," he said, "that I will be brother and sister—embrace me once more!"

With anguish bordering on insanity, she threw herself into his arms for a moment—was pressed to his heart, and then breaking away, she escaped from the room to her own chamber.

And there, with her half-crazed brain and breaking heart—like one acting or forced to act in a ghastly dream, she began to arrange her wardrobe—collect the trifles—the weapon —the lock of withered and all, preparatory to leaving the hath upon her bed-room in the morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Clippings.

☞ Yes sir, Mr. Jaycocks, that you saw the beautiful house the below. Was it not hard haste?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what caused that haste?"

"I am not quite certain, but I think it was Mr. Stabbit' boots, the gentleman he boards with."

"That will do, Mr. Jaycocks. Crier, call the next witness."

☞ "A King or lord of the state was called and spoke in the cities of note, while he was the foremost man of his tribe, and carried the laws, genius and features of the tribe, and was known in this country as Gen. Washington, Adams and Jefferson really embodied the ideas of the nation: but now put eleven such persons into chairs without character or representative force at any kind, and get a figure cut only to office hunters. [Laughter and cheers.]"—*Emerson's Lectures.*

☞ It is told of the Indian Ralph Jekyn Indra, that he had a perfect mania for, who resembled him so much that he put his own clothes on him, and had him sleep near him on his throne, and then took his station at the gate, and laughed to see his courtiers bowing before their chief—and then, when he had had enough of the fun, he would call the chief to office.

☞ "Father," said a boy, to his paternal protector, a venerable Quaker, "I can look at the moon without pain."

"That may be all very true, my son; but if the face does, there will be a very black spot upon the operation," was the wise counsel of the prudential Friend. A counsel which every reader of these columns will now frequent occasion to follow.

☞ The Cleveland Herald notices a piece of ice, thirteen inches thick, so clear that it was as easy to read through it as if it were a newspaper.

☞ "You do not think the world will come to an end?" said a lady to Dr. Johnson, a few days before the time fixed by Miller. "Not exactly, madam," replied the Doctor, "but I think it probable that we shall see strange revolutions."

☞ There are days when everything appears gloomy to us: the world is, like the sky, covered by a dark fog. Nothing seems in its place; we only see misery, improvidence and cruelty: the world seems without God, and gazes up to all the evils of chance.

☞ Henry Ward Beecher says: "Down down not under the sun, but when a man is made he looks a great deal better dressed up."

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1855.

ASK FOR CIRCULARS OF THE POST AND ITS PREMIUMS. ADDRESS, POST PAID, AS ABOVE. IT IS NOT A HARD MONEY AFFAIR.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$2.50, if paid in 6 months. Pay 25, if please—only let it be near enough for you to hear. Did I believe you guilty upon that grief and anger might possibly not my lips upon this subject—but believing you partially through—Miriam! Miriam! what! what!"

Miriam dropped into the nearest chair.

Mr. Willencen took another, and continued:

"You have received some truth, Miriam. You have been holding in your hand a fact not sub now. I say precisely. I was mistaken, as you have somehow ascertained, to the deep stain of blood upon the blade. I corresponded with her from Glasgow. I did promise to marry her upon her return, and was the fatal evening in question—for what purpose that meeting was appointed, it is bootless to tell you, for you have the main fact, and the other some hours before I should have set out to keep my appointment, I was taken ill with strickten with apoplexy. I did not wish to leave his bedside until the arrival of the family physician. But this evening were so pressing upon me, that I gave money upon Melchizedek and Melchizedek to the city to fetch her from the beach to this house—never to leave it. Miriam, the boy reached the oasis only to find her dead. In the agony of his despair, he hurried back and told me the story. In the anguish of my remorse, I, overlooking, but that my wife lay wounded and dying—I opened the door, and hurried back, and galloped with all possible haste to the spot. By the time I had got there the storm had reached its height, and I found his companion entirely covered with the boiling waves. My frantic shouting failed to attract, and spent the wretched night in wandering up and down the bluff above the beach, and calling on dead for aid. In the morning I returned home, had my grandfather dead, and the family and physicians assembled around the corpse—all in a stun. That, Miriam, is the story."

Miriam made no comment whatever. Mr. Willencen seemed surprised and grieved at her silence.

"Have you now to say, Miriam?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?—what do you think of my explanation, child?"

"It is plausible!"

"Plausible! Can you believe, Miriam, that I could sink so low as to invent such a story?"

"If you could have committed the first crime that made such an invention expedient —yes!"

"And you think that I have done these things?"

"I think nothing. My mind is in an agony of doubt and conjecture. I must be governed by stern facts—not by my own presumptions. I must act upon the evidences in my possession, and upon your explanations of them," said Miriam distractedly, as she arose to leave the room.

"And you will denounce me, Miriam?"

"It is my inexpurtable duty! it is my task—my doom! for it will kill me!"

"Yet you will do it?"

"I will."

"At turn, dear Miriam! Look on me once more—for my hand! since you act from no enmity, do mankind from any personal motive! Will you denounce me?"

She turned—and stood—such a picture—a tearless agony! She met his gentle, compassionate glance—it baulked—it subdued her.

"Oh! could Heaven that I might do, rather than do this thing! would Heaven I might die for my heart burns to you—it turns—and I love you more than life! I love you more than so much as now! my brother! my brother!" and she fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands, wept over them.

"What, Miriam! do you love me, believing me to be guilty?"

She cried, forgetting in her wild emotion, that a man, should her pity be equivalent to that by have denied his sin, as she had just before believed him to have done, in the explanations that he had given her—

"To have been guilty—not to be guilty—you have suffered temptation, and have yielded! three many long and wretched years. Oh! many repentance washes out my guilt!"

"And you can now caress and weep over my hands, believing them to have been crimsoned with the blood of my wife, and of your own friend?"

"Yes! yes! yes! yes! Oh! would these tears, my very heart sobs forth, might wash away those stains! Oh! that I could relieve you guilty of not, my brother! the more I listen to my heart, the more I love you, and cannot help it!"

"It is because your heart is so much wiser than your head, dear Miriam," he said, "that I will be brother and sister—embrace me once more!"

With anguish bordering on insanity, she threw herself into his arms for a moment—was pressed to his heart, and then breaking away, she escaped from the room to her own chamber.

And there, with her half-crazed brain and breaking heart—like one acting or forced to act in a ghastly dream, she began to arrange her wardrobe—collect the trifles—the weapon —the lock of withered and all, preparatory to leaving the hath upon her bed-room in the morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Clippings.

☞ You see, Mr. Jaycocks, that you saw the beautiful house the below. Was it not hard haste?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what caused that haste?"

"I am not quite certain, but I think it was Mr. Stabbit' boots, the gentleman he boards with."

"That will do, Mr. Jaycocks. Crier, call the next witness."

☞ "A King or lord of the state was called and spoke in the cities of note, while he was the foremost man of his tribe, and carried the laws, genius and features of the tribe, and was known in this country as Gen. Washington, Adams and Jefferson really embodied the ideas of the nation: but now put eleven such persons into chairs without character or representative force at any kind, and get a figure cut only to office hunters. [Laughter and cheers.]"—*Emerson's Lectures.*

☞ It is told of the Indian Ralph Jekyn Indra, that he had a perfect mania for, who resembled him so much that he put his own clothes on him, and had him sleep near him on his throne, and then took his station at the gate, and laughed to see his courtiers bowing before their chief—and then, when he had had enough of the fun, he would call the chief to office.

☞ "Father," said a boy, to his paternal protector, a venerable Quaker, "I can look at the moon without pain."

"That may be all very true, my son; but if the face does, there will be a very black spot upon the operation," was the wise counsel of the prudential Friend. A counsel which every reader of these columns will now frequent occasion to follow.

☞ The Cleveland Herald notices a piece of ice, thirteen inches thick, so clear that it was as easy to read through it as if it were a newspaper.

☞ "You do not think the world will come to an end?" said a lady to Dr. Johnson, a few days before the time fixed by Miller. "Not exactly, madam," replied the Doctor, "but I think it probable that we shall see strange revolutions."

☞ There are days when everything appears gloomy to us: the world is, like the sky, covered by a dark fog. Nothing seems in its place; we only see misery, improvidence and cruelty: the world seems without God, and gazes up to all the evils of chance.

☞ Henry Ward Beecher says: "Down down not under the sun, but when a man is made he looks a great deal better dressed up."

INFLUENCE OF THE GERMANS ON AMERICAN CHARACTER.

New York, it is said, contains over one hundred thousand German immigrants; and Philadelphia has nearly, if not quite, the same fifty thousand. Cincinnati also numbers an enormous German population; and the same may be said of nearly all the large cities in the Western section of the United States. Now, if Webster's statistics are correct, we may safely say that at least one-half of the foreign immigrants who have arrived in the United States during the last ten years, have settled in the States which lie west of us, and inhering industriously to digging the canal or building the railroad, while the Irish have chosen to ply their fire principally. This large industrious population, which is annually increasing in numbers, while it is certainly improving in quality, cannot do otherwise than exert a powerful influence upon the future character of our fluctuating communities, even in the States of the Atlantic seaboard, for some time to come as well as in the younger States of the west, is far from having assumed the fixed character which it possesses in European countries.

We do not now propose to meet the question of Mr. Webster's statistics, but to call the Chancellor of our antediluvian Hen, both to the fact of the existence of the German population, and to the possibility of excluding the immigrants from Europe, who are annually drawn to our shores, by any other means than the utmost that is proposed, to re-instate the political aspects of the question, by extending the term of naturalization, and to refuse to receive those who are criminals or paupers; and this we say only for ourselves, as the asylum of the old world a refuge in the new world from the manifold oppressions of the old.

Those who desire to secure to us the continuance of a composite character (we mean those in which the different characteristics of the races are completely blended together,) have been improved through the process of mingling; and, indeed, the whole history of the world, study and science rests in existence, and the progress and in the amalgamation of races, indelibly upon their language. On this point philologists generally agree. Of all the languages we believe that those wanderers national antipathies which have so often in the history of the world, been the source of so much evil and suffering, and which constitute the principal obstacle to the fusion of the various elements of races, is rapidly passing away before the light of civilization and Christianity.

Of all the languages of the world, the peculiar characteristics of the race whose language it is, are most distinctly and clearly enumerated this article. Every one who is at all acquainted with ancient and modern history, is well aware that the English race possesses a character the Teuton or German has seldom been highly. But it is yet further than this contemporaneous history, we find the Germans occupying a very high rank among their sister nations. We

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1855.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. SECOND SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 26th, nearly the whole session of the Senate was occupied in the presentation to Congress of Gen. Jackson's sword, with the various speeches thereupon.

The discussion of the Naval Reform Bill was then resumed, which, after discussion, was passed, the Senate concurring in the amendments of the House.

The bill altering the time of holding the United States Courts in Tennessee, was considered and passed. The Post Office Appropriation Bill was then taken up, discussed and passed, by a large vote.

The First Comptroller of the Treasury is directed by an amendment to the above bill to investigate the claims of Glover, Mather, and their associates, and award them such sum as in equity and justice seem to be demanded.

The Senate then adjourned.

On the 27th, Mr. Rusk called up the House Bill to reduce and modify the rates of postage. One provision of the bill requires the pre-payment of letters always by stamps, after the 1st of January, 1856. Another provides for the registration of money and other letters of value, as recommended in the annual report of the Postmaster-General.

The bill was considered and passed.

The Mail Steamship Appropriation Bill was discussed at some length, after which the Senate adjourned.

On the 28th, the bill from the House of Representatives to amend the act approved August 26th, 1852, entitled "An act to reduce and define the boundaries of the military reserve at St. Peter's river, Territory of Minnesota," was passed.

The bill to provide a more efficient discipline for the Navy was passed.

The Senate then again resumed the consideration of the Ocean Mail Steamer Appropriation Bill, which passed finally. Yeas 26, nays 21.

The effect of this bill is to continue the trans-Atlantic mails to the Collins line till April, 1860, at $33,000 the round trip—the Senate concurring with the House in relinquishing the right of Congress to terminate the contract by the six months' notice previously incorporated in the bills making appropriations hereto. Adjourned.

On the 28th, certain resolutions were passed recommending that in our treaties with other nations, hereafter, we should secure to our citizens in foreign lands the right to worship and bury their dead according to the dictates of conscience, and in accordance with their peculiar predilections.

In the evening session, the Senate took up Mr. Seward's resolution to pay members prevented from attending by sickness in their families, which was passed.

Then ensued a long debate on the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, during which Mr. Clayton took occasion to declare that the "American Party" "ignore the whole question of slavery" and delivered himself as follows:

To Mr. Rusk—You'll find out within the next fourteen months whether the American Party is outside of Delaware. [To Mr. Mason.] And you'll find, very shortly, whether there are any of them in Virginia. You talk of disunion! If you, Senators—you and each of you—and the Representatives in the other House, should resolve here that the Union should be dissolved, the great body of the people are so attached to the Union, that they would come here and hang you all, or else throw you into the Potomac."

Soon after the Senate adjourned.

On the 2nd, the Bounty Land Bill, as amended by the House, was taken up, and the amendments, three in number, concurred in, when the bill was passed.

The District of Columbia Judiciary Bill was taken up, slightly amended, and passed.

The bill from the House, to carry into effect the decision of the Convention on the subject of claims between the United States and England, was three times read and passed.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, which was discussed during the evening session.

An appropriation was adopted for paying the salaries of the Judges of the U. S. Supreme Court, at the rate of $7,000 each, and $7,500 to the Chief Justice.

On the 3rd, a bill fixing the salary of the President Judge of California at $4,500, was passed.

The Civil and Diplomatic Bill, after much discussion and the addition of various amendments, was finally passed.

The bill establishing post routes was also passed, as was the Naval Appropriation Bill, with the addition of the Ocean Mail Steamer Bill as an amendment, striking out the clause repealing the power to give notice to the Collins line of the discontinuance of the extra allowance, and compelling them to build a new steamer in addition to supplying the loss of the Arctic.

Evening Session.—The Fortification Bill has been returned from the House. The Senate receded from its amendments, and the bill was passed.

A few Indian treaties were ratified, and some Indian agents, land officers and post-masters, but nothing of importance.

The Bounty Land Bill has been signed by the President.

Mr. Dawson, from the Committee of the District of Columbia, reported a bill organizing an institution for the insane of the army and navy in the District, and for other purposes. It was considered and passed.

Mr. Jones, of Iowa, from the Committee on Territories, reported back the bills for the erection of public buildings in Kansas and Nebraska—passed.

On the 4th, Mr. Douglas, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill authorizing the people of Oregon Territory to form a State Constitution, and apply for admission into the Union, at the next session. The Southern members generally opposed the bill. Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, also opposed it, because it was Sunday—and then Sons of Douglas said that as the opposition came from both extreme North and extreme South, he would abandon the bill. It was therefore laid on the table, by a vote of 27 to 11.

Pending the preceding debate, the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill came in from the House, where 118 amendments had been attached.

The Senate agreed to 104 of these, and returned the bill to the House. The House receded from the 14 remaining amendments, and the bill passed.

The Senate then sent to and received from the House the customary resolutions, and at 11.30 A. M., adjourned sine die.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 26th, the House took up and passed the bill extending the provisions of a former law so as to grant the right of way to all plank and railroad companies running through the public lands, in the territories, as well as through those in the States.

The ceremony of receiving General Jackson's sword occupied most of this session of the House as well as of the Senate; there was, however, some discussion in the Navy Appropriation Bill, but no action thereon.

In the evening session the bill for the relief of revolutionary soldiers was further discussed, whereupon the House adjourned.

On the 27th, the House took up and passed the Navy and Fortification Appropriation Bills.

On motion of Mr. Latham, the bill establishing a United States Circuit Court for the District of California, with one Judge at an annual salary of $4,500, was taken up and passed.

The evening session was entirely occupied by a most interesting debate on the Slavery, Free-Soil and Know-Nothing questions, in which Messrs. Giddings, Florence, Goodwin, etc., participated.

On the 28th, several bills were considered and passed, the more important of them being a bill from the Senate to prevent mistrial in the District and Circuit Courts of the United States in certain cases, and a bill for the relief of Charles W. Carroll, giving him $5,000 in consideration of his false arrest and imprisonment as deserter from the U. S. Army.

The House resumed the consideration of the bill from the Senate for the relief of the soldiers of the war of 1812 and their widows and orphan children, which finally passed—yeas 115, nays 38.

The evening session was occupied with a discussion of the slavery question.

On the 27th, the House was occupied in the discussion of the Army Appropriation Bill, without taking any definite action thereon. Adjourned.

On the 2nd, Mr. Olds, from the Post-Office Committee, reported a bill establishing a large number of post routes, which, without reading, was passed.

The consideration of the Senate amendments to the Army Appropriation Bill, as passed in Committee, was resumed.

During the evening session, the House concurred in the Senate's amendment to the Post-Office Appropriation Bill, authorizing the Postmaster-General to contract for and put in operation a semi-monthly mail, by sea, from San Francisco to certain points in California and Washington and Oregon Territories, the cost of the same not to exceed $100,000 per annum, and agreed to all the Senate amendments to the Emigrant Passenger Bill.

After passing several trifling bills the House adjourned.

On the 4th, the Senate Bill appropriating $161,000 for the removal of obstructions in the Savannah river was taken up and passed.

The House then took up and passed the Senate Bill making appropriations for deepening the channels over the St. Clair flats, and the St. Mary's river, in Michigan.

The House concurred in the amendments of the Senate to the bill requiring the pre-payment of postage in all cases, and pre-payment in postage stamps after the first of January next.

A message was received from the President, informing the House that he had signed certain bills, and returning the Ocean Mail Steamer Bill, with his objections.

The House took up and passed the Senate Bill increasing the compensation of Registers and Receivers, under the Land Graduation Act of last year.

Various other bills passed under a suspension of the rules.

The House then took up and adopted the report of the Committee of Conference on the Navy Appropriation Bill. It makes a clean appropriation for the existing mail service.

After a short address of thanks to the House from the Speaker, Mr. Boyd, adjourned sine die.

A Mayor Circumvented.—The Mayor of Detroit determined, a few days since, to put a stop to the driving of fast horses through the principal streets of that city. So, in company with a posse of policemen, he walked deliberately through the middle of Jefferson Avenue, a beautiful wide street, which is generally the course for trotters. Arrived at the end of his promenade, the worthy Mayor was fatigued, and gladly accepted the invitation of a gentleman to take a seat in his cutter. No sooner was he seated than the horse broke into a 2.40 pace, and the conservator of public morals found himself flying along at a speed quite destructive of anything like dignity, and entirely subversive of municipal discipline. The proprietor and driver of the sleigh made the most strenuous efforts to stop the horse, and pulled upon the lines till his arms were lame, which everybody knows is the way to stop one of our American trotters, but the animal could not be induced to tarry, and dashed on. The other fast ones in the street, seeing the Mayor set the example, at once entered into the contest, and a merry time was the result. The owner of the horse has since expressed his extreme regret that his animal should have behaved so badly, and threatens to sell him, while the Mayor has not since been seen promenading the avenue.

Effects of Low Water.—It is stated that, in the warehouse at Aberdeen, Miss., there are 24,000 bales of cotton waiting for a rise in the Tombigbee, to be sent to market.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the steamships St. Louis and Canada, we have Liverpool dates to the 17th. The Canada arrived at New York on the 1st.

The Peace Convention was to open on the 26th of February. Lord John Russell left London for the Austrian capital, to assume the post of Plenipotentiary of the British Government in the Conference.

Much distress exists at Liverpool in consequence of the absence of employment. The idle number fifteen thousand, and of these five thousand are from the non-arrival of American shipping.

Frederick Peel has been appointed Under Secretary of War, and Sir Francis Baring Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Admiral Dundas has been appointed to the chief command of the Baltic Fleet, with Seymour as second, and Bayne as third in command.

The army estimates for the current year have been published. The total number of men, including the force in India, is 194,000, and the expenses are £13,500,000. Last year the expenses were £7,000,000. It is proposed to add 36,000 to the present number.

Parliament re-assembled on the evening of the 16th ult., when Lord Palmerston explained the circumstances attending his coming into power.

Sebastopol, Feb. 1.—The Czar's two sons, the Grand Dukes, have entered Sebastopol, and made a reconnoissance of the Allied front. The Allies are daily expecting an attack, and the pickets are ordered to be on the alert. The weather has become warm.

In a sortie on the 31st Jan., 300 of the French were put *hors du combat*, two regiments having, in the obscurity of the night, fired upon each other.

The supplies of the Commissariat are sufficient in most respects.

Admiral Bruat has telegraphed to the French Government that, since the 31st Jan., the Russians have recommenced their night sorties, but are vigorously repulsed.

The Russians have received considerable reinforcements.

Thirteen hundred men, with provisions and stores, have reached the French army.

The roads near Eupatoria are frozen and good.

Varna, Feb. 3.—It is stated from Kamiesch that the Russians made sorties on the nights of the 1st and 2nd, and were repulsed.

Feb. 6th.—Nothing of importance has occurred before Sebastopol. The firing is kept up briskly on both sides.

The long-talked-of change in the French army in the Crimea is announced. The army is to be divided into two corps d'armes, and one given to Gen. Pelissier, and the other to Gen. Bosquet. This virtually renders Canrobert a mere cipher.

The rumor is that Lord Raglan and the Earl of Lucan are shortly to return from the Crimea. The reason for their recall is not stated.

It is stated that Naples has joined the Alliance with the Western Powers, and will send, in addition to a fleet, a land force equal to that of Sardinia to the Crimea.

France has given a guarantee to prevent a revolution in Italy, which has had the effect of bringing in Naples.

Count Orloff, the Russian Minister, and his staff, had left Naples.

The Belgian journals announce that Tuscany, Parma and Modena had joined the Western Alliance, and were to furnish 1,000 men each. This is probably meant as ironical.

The French Funds have been considerably depressed by a wild rumor that the Emperor would immediately depart for the Crimea, leaving the Empress Eugenie as Regent.

It is more probable that he will command the army of the Rhine, should war be declared against Prussia.

The Engineers are surveying the ground for a camp of 10,000 men, near Metz.

The French Police have placed all the Spanish Carlist refugees in France under surveillance.

It is rumored that Prince Napoleon is about to be married to the Princess of Wurtemburg.

Forty-seven bales of Algerian cotton, resembling the Sea Island, have been sold at auction at Havre, for 2f. 37c.a4f. 50.

Spain.—It is rumored that Spain will join the Alliance, with a view to influence France in the prevention of any insurrection.

It is also reported that Portugal will join the Allies, with 12,000 men. This is rather doubtful.

The Western Powers are seeking to unite all the secondary States in a general European league against Russia.

Sweden continues her military preparations.

The smaller German States have their armies nearly complete.

The Conde de Montemolin has recommended the Carlists to postpone their intended insurrection until the Espartero Government is quite rotten.

Switzerland.—The Swiss Federal Government preserves its neutrality, and continues to forbid the enlistment of soldiers for foreign service.

The affair of Phillips, an American citizen, arrested for being implicated in the Mazzini difficulties, has been settled, by the payment of $2,000, and the reprimanding of the Chief of Police.

Prussia.—A circular has been sent to the Diplomatic agents of Prussia, indicating that the entire Prussian army is to be immediately made ready for the field.

Austria.—The warlike preparations of Austria continue with unabated energy.

The Vienna Conference.—All the Five Powers have signified their intention to participate in the Conference at Vienna, which is to meet at Vienna on the 26th of February.

Lord John Russell represents Great Britain, M. de Dourquellay, or, perhaps, a Special Minister, is to represent France; Count Buol will represent Austria, and Reza Bey, Turkey. Gortschakoff, assisted by M. Titoff, the ex-Minister to Constantinople, will represent Russia.

It is reported that Russia will be allowed a seat at the Board, and that the business will be limited to requiring of Gortschakoff a categorical yes or no.

Count Esterhazy, the Austrian Minister, has returned to Berlin, and caused a rise in funds.

Negotiations are on foot for an Austrian loan of 15,000,000 in the English market.

The opinion prevails that no terms can be come to between Prussia and the Western Powers, and that Prussia will be left to neutrality and its consequences.

Turkey.—The Turkish Government is about to issue 2,000,000 sterling bonds, at 10 per cent. interest.

A fire broke out in the Arsenal at Constantinople, but was extinguished without doing much damage.

Miscellaneous.—The Duke of Genoa is dead.

The first detachment of British troops had arrived at Suez.

The Vice Roy of Egypt has abolished the Custom duties, except at Suez.

A despatch from Varna under date of February 4th, says that 30,000 troops had landed at Eupatoria, and others were on the march for Varna, and would embark as soon as they arrived there.

The Russians outside of Sebastopol were encamped partly in the village of Alma and Balbec, partly at Simpheropol and the environs.

A telegraphic despatch from Vienna says that the Czar has issued a manifesto, under date of St. Petersburg, February 12th, in which he calls upon the entire male population to arm. An additional force of 300,000 men is to be despatched to the Crimea.

The Journal de St. Petersburg of February 3rd, contains the address of the Czar to the Hetman of the Don Cossacks, expressing his confidence that they will fight courageously for the Church, the throne and their country.

The reported mutiny among the Zouaves created a painful sensation at Paris, but it is thought was greatly exaggerated.

A French company has offered to raise in France a Legion of from 16,000 to 25,000 men, for the service of the English government, half of the number to be ready in fifteen days. It is stated that the English government were disposed to entertain the proposition.

Admiral Napier replies, through the London News, as follows, to Admiral Berkely, of the Admiralty:

"I do not intend to bandy words with the gallant Admiral, but I beg to tell you, when the papers—which I hope will be asked for—are produced, it will be seen that I was goaded to act contrary to my own judgment—that I was censured—and finally dismissed my command."

The Crimean Winter.—The Crimea is most capricious as regards climate. The winter of 1795–6 was open and mild up to the 6th of February. Pallas saw all the spring flowers out in abundance at that time. Then the weather changed, and a deep snow fell; but still the cold was not great throughout the whole winter. On the other hand, in the years 1798 and 1799, 1800, the cold weather began at the end of October and lasted to the end of March, severe frosts alternating with storms from the North. In the latter year the whole of the Sea of Azoff and the Straits of Yenikale were frozen, and not only that, but also a great portion of the Bay of Kaffa and other bays of the Black Sea, so that they were crossed on horseback. Simultaneously with this cold, which was so great that the thermometer descended as low as 18 degrees of Reaumur below zero, there were violent north winds. The cold is almost always greatest in the month of February.

From China.—The India Mail brings dates from Hong Kong to Dec. 19th, and from Bombay to Jan. 17th.

The Burmese envoy had demanded restitution of the Peja, which was peremptorily refused.

At Canton matters were still threatening and trade is quite depressed. Exchange at Canton 4s. 9d.; at Shanghai, 6s 6½.

A monetary crisis was considered probable at Calcutta.

From India.—The India overland mail brings a despatch from Bombay, dated Jan. 16th, which says that an insurrection had broken out in Cabool.

Twelve thousand Persians are besieging Bender Celasi. A murderous conflict had taken place, but the besieged continued their resistance.

Liverpool Cotton Market, Feb. 17.—The Circular of Milligan & Co., reports the sales of Cotton for the week at 35,000 bales.

Brown, Shipley & Co. report the market easier but not quotably lower, and buyers expecting arrivals. The decline is mostly in the lower qualities. The sales of the week are 35,000 bales. The sales of Friday were 5,000 bales, closing tame. The present stock exclusive of that on shipboard, is 378,000 bales, of which 157,000 bales are American.

Breadstuffs.—The Circular of Brown, Shipley & Co. quotes prices generally a shade lower; little speculative demand. Other circulars say flour has declined 3d; wheat 3d., and corn 6d. The quotations are—old Western Canal flour, [illegible]; Philadelphia and straight Baltimore, [illegible]; good Ohio [illegible]; white wheat, 11s 9d; white corn, [illegible]; yellow, [illegible]; mixed, [illegible].

Provisions.—Richardson, Spence & Co., quote Beef dull and unchanged. Interior Pork is dull. Bacon is unchanged, with a moderate demand; new Western [illegible] 6d. Lard is higher, with a fair demand at 62.

Selected Poetry.

THE CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

Rock! I cannot toss to-day
Pennies my tiny hands to-day;
I will get no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to coax thy pain.
What! Still sore! Sore four to-day,
Pennies, and threefold less, one!
Rock, my darling, L, my mother
Almost long to see thee die.
Hungry, my darling, thou art weary!
God is good, but late to destroy

I once sweetened thy honey-fishing,
Add thy strength sold thy by day;
Sleep, I know, will Wave and Force!
Take thy little life away!

Yonder mother thy father rockings,
Hope he has left both him and me:
We could suffer all, my baby,
Had we but it room for thee.

Hungry, my darling, then not weary!
God is good, but late is dreary!

Better than desolate parted, sadly,
Starve as sisters, and starving die;
Thou art sorrow to me, to mother
Pretty child, as I have been.
Wilt thou not, my angel sister
Wilt thou not, my angel sister
Where no want or pain can be
Hungry, my darling, then not weary!
God is good, but life is dreary

Rock the planet, that late and early,
Feel we need, with a broken table, empty
Close beside us,—for the blanket
Of a city dicks one see.

Hungry home, like God's bright Angel,
Out but one dark mirror came;
Bring that glory home when life endeth
Lonian, mourner while she reaps
Pennies the fluttering of wings!

—Household Words.

Pictures of Life.

THE OLD HOUSE AND THE NEW HOUSE.

BY MARY IRVING.

[This beautiful sketch appeared some years ago, in the "Friend of Youth." We re-publish it as well for its own merits, as because our readers a little acquainted with its author, who is now estimated among the contributors of the Post.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

"Dear me, James! I do believe this old house will be tumbling down on all our heads, before the year is out."

So spoke an anxious-looking little woman, the mother of nine children, and mistress of a house an hundred years old, to her stout, fresh-faced husband. Farmer Appleton—James Jo-nior, otherwise called "Jemmy," the youngest but one of the nine scamperers, had just overset grandmamma's work-table, in his haste to catch the black brush of pussy's tail; and the latter had dredged a shower of darning-cotton from the roof of the room, cracked and scared by time. This had fallen directly upon the breakfast table, to the manifest danger of mamma's cups and saucers, not to speak of the head of the baby, who sat (old lady's age) chair, finishing his crust, after all others had deserted him.

Mr. Appleton looked up quite coolly, and replied,

"Tell mea a deal of trouble in pulling it down, then."

"And break all our dishes, meanwhile, besides our necks!" returned his wife, as she swept the fallen fragments from the cloth. "I wish it was safely down, for one!"

"Oh, papa, do tear it down this spring, won't you?" cried Lucy and Ellen, the eldest girl and boy, springing to his side at the word.—"We can live as nicely in the shop, you know, while the other house is building."

"And then have a nice new home!" exclaimed Sarah, the second daughter.

"You—and this as much an old thing?" added Laura, looking quite disdainfully around her. The other children had clustered about, in the group by this time; every eye followed sister Laura's, and every tongue echoed it more or less different tones. "Such an old thing!"

"Children! It was grandmamma who spoke this from her corner, in a voice a little tremulous. "Children, it's many a one hasn't so night a roof as this to cover 'em."

This was a slight reproof, as kindly taken as it had been given. It silenced the children, however, for the moment, except Ellen, who whispered to Laura,

"Grandma is most as old as the house, isn't she? I wonder if she don't feel bad to be reminded of being so old?"

"I don't know," whispered Laura, in return, a little thoughtfully. "I dare say so.—How, Jemmy and Sam, come help pick up grandma's spools."

Just here the father laid down his newspaper with an energetic rattling, and folding his hands above his head, spoke in a tone that aroused all ears.

"Wife and mother! I've pretty much made up my mind to build this next season—what say ye?"

"I say, by all means!" answered the wife, her hard work's many hands fortnightly in the renewed shouts of the young ones, "Good! Hurrah!"

"Hush—pon!" exclaimed the father—"Well, mother, what's your mind about it?"

Grandmamma lifted her spectacles that give stocking she was knitting, and one hear rolled down the furrows of her cheek, as she shook her throat, and tried to speak cheerfully.

"I s'pose it may as well be done now as ever—and maybe it's best so"—she said, with a sort of sigh of resignation.

"Why, grandma! how can you?" cried Sarah, in a tone of surprise. "To have a new house!"

"And you shall have a dear new little bedroom in it," added Laura, more gently, "a room on the ground floor, so that you won't have to keep going up and down stairs to your chamber. I saw it in papa's plan, and it was marked 'Mother's Room.'"

"You're very kind, Jem," said old Mrs Appleton, to her son; and she went knitting on very fast, without, however, seeming much cheered by the assistance Laura had given.

As I have said, the house was a hundred years old. It was built soon after the first settlement was made in the town of K——, among the stony hills of the Granite State—its frame, the great-grandfather of Farmer Appleton, in dauntless thought to had accomplished a mighty work when he put up the last clapboard, and laid out his family from their in all of one room, into the unplastered, unfinished, barn-like—new house." for the old house was new then. He was poor, and could not be any his "shingle palace" within: and so his family shivered in it winter after winter, until they became accustomed to cold draughts from cracks and crannies, and to moonlight streaming from the wide-gaping fire-place, which used to rest in the centre of the chimney, and drew cares cold air on either side.

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How, his nine motherly children had outgrown the low rooms and narrow stairways as their mother thought. Certainly old storage could not have wandered where beneath that roof so many dozen loads found room to be stowed away tightly.

The days of the old house were numbered. On the very morning of which I have spoken, the father commenced the work of destruction, by removing an old sheet of drawers, little used, that had formerly been in the chamber of the late mistress of the house. The old home was searched from garret to cellar, by at least a dozen pair of prying eyes, as if had never been searched since the day of the "house-warming," a hundred years before. So many discoveries as were made! So many lost and forgotten treasures and trifles so revealed there—silence in needle and dark corners! So many old letters and bobbins, with "treasures" of all kinds, as Laura's mamma called it, did Laura hoard away in her trunk for her own private investigation!

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AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SILVIO PELLICO.

The late death of Silvio Pellico removed one of the former results from Italian literature; the loss is much felt. Poor Pellico! Imprisoned ten years of his life for the liberty of his national country, now a refugee, never more to see his native land, he was the friend of Manzoni, Foscolo, Giordani, and Michael Angelo, who fought like a lion for the liberty of his country, was punished like a lamb, like a martyr.

Pellico was quite so celebrated for his effective prose-writings, or for dramas and other poetry. *Le Mie Prigioni*, written during his confinement in Spielberg, is widely known in Europe and America. There is a charm in this book, which is not for them accustomed to. It is not in anywise a great work, though one which has had great power over the reader, a proof that the daily interior history of a human soul, however monotonous, will find sympathy in the human heart, when it contains the interest that works on subjects relating to our life, however suffering, cannot do. There is not throughout the book one flash, or profound passage; little incident varies its pages; and, in short, nothing remarkable meets the eye; yet it has all the qualities of a living, suffering spirit, and the irresistible force of simple naturalness. It has found its way to the human bosom all over; brought friends to the author from all parts, and won for him many more than ever declared themselves. To some of the latter am I, because the embodiment of their ideal of the author.

A young English girl of good family, on reading it, became so in love with the picture which her warm imagination drew of Pellico, that she left home in search of him, and arrived at Turin with the full intention of laying herself and her fortune at his feet. Young and beautiful, she had no difficulty whatever in finding out the hospitable Marquis Barolo, where the poet Pellico had been since his release, and was received into his household. But the lady's romantic vagaries were not for compromising the sensitive mind of the Foreign Enlistment Bill, gives the following sketch of the author of "The Cattons."

I think that the author of "Le Mie Prigioni" is a man of a very peculiar mind, which, though not without genius, is not of the highest order. He is evidently imbued with the religious feeling of the Roman Catholic Church, and has no more than the smallest conception of the liberty of the press. Nevertheless, if they have a large stock on hand, have no other resource than to rail and burn them, as they grow beyond the proper limits for transportation, so that they are glad to dispose of them at that price. Large poor lives, especially those upon salaries, are most expensive. We have purchased some, that have cost us 5s. 6d. each, and two dollars each, and consider it much better economy than to pay 10 cts. for trees, two years from the bud. They are so safely moved, and will soon bear abundantly. If any of our readers are short in the apple orchard, we are confident they will find it to their interest to order large trees. Let them dig large holes, and put in compost liberally, and they will soon have fruit.

Wit and Humor.

HINTS TO ENGLISHMEN VISITING PARIS.

Since every opportunity of learning means of the French language, and of becoming familiar with their habits, on all the leading and salient points, has been given to you by your brethren, who have preceded you, you will find your pleasure and profit greatly increased if the following hints are kept on purpose to facilitate your intercourse with the French, and to be observed at first by my silly people on the score of injuring a mark of art, base in mind and character but be gladdening of the heart of a Frenchman to see his national accessories of costume, manners of the dearest pilgrimage that are made to them.

Should you ever find it necessary to enter into conversation with a Frenchman, you will find your phrase-book with reports all impediments of speech. The strongest proclivity for every possible emergency, and the only danger is of their inability to get into great freedom of speech. Should your French ever fail you for a word, you will find that you may make yourself perfectly intelligible by speaking it in English with a strong foreign accent.

When you are in Paris, don't be a Parisian; carry your nationality about with you; be about with you; use the national expletive upon the slightest provocation; and lose no opportunity in giving lessons to the noble art of mal-d'aisbeau, for you know "a bare" is hissed out of England, and may, therefore, be indulged in with impunity.

Let no idle fancy of the custom-house deter you from exercising whatever female commodious you have fortunately been favored with. Your wife, children, Polkatone and Cashes are all excessively polite, and you may pass any quantity of "Manchester goods, shoes, or Jarvis's" in statu quo. Say simply explaining they were bought for your own use only. Bear in mind that "England expects every man to do his duty." So don't disgrace your country by acting slightingly.

Should you ever feel yourself in want of money, remember the British Ambassador has orders to cash all checks that may be drawn on him by Englishmen between the business hours of 1 A. M.

Bear in mind that continental railways make no allowance for luggage. Consequently, deprive yourself of any little comfort you are used to, such as a spring mattress or a shower-bath, because they make a few hours' journey a travelling.

If you happen to hold a commission in the Populous Fencibles, don't forget to put your uniform into your portmanteau, as you will be sure to find it handy for a levee or review. You will also, of course, take care to let your friends know that you have been made a Knight-Templar of the Holy Sepulchre, but what's that to you? In all probability you will never have the chance of seeing it again.—*Punch's Almanac.*

FINE ARTS NECESSITATE.—A celebrated character of State of New York, holding a high post in the law, was lately taken ill and confined to his bed for several days. His wife, who is an angel of a woman (as wives generally are), proposed to read for him, in which he heartily assented.

"My dear, what shall I read ?"

"Oh, I don't care much what, provided it's new."

"But have you no choice, my dear?"

"None in the least. Please yourself."

"Shall I read you a chapter or two out of the Scriptures?"

"No, no, that'll do very well."

"But what part of the Scriptures shall I read?"

"Any part you like, love."

"But, dear, you must have some choice some little preference—we all have that."

"No, I have none in the world, dear; read any part you please, love."

"But I would rather please you, dear John, if you have but a preference."

"Well, well, dear, if you will please me then pitch upon Nicodemus."

VIOLETTA AND ALLADDIN.—A Day Horse Race.—The Emperor, of the morning after last year's Derby, was selected as a juvenile speaker; for to her there seemed something strangely familiar in the face of the school boy. Their eyes met, his beaming with love and tenderness, hers filled with uncertainty.

"Violetta!"

"Aladdin!"

And the beautiful girl sank, from excess of joy, upon his noble heart, throbbing with the same. Sadly, during the few days, the fond landlord beat tenderly over her and halted her pace while couples with the grabbing tears of joy, though exciting it. While long Lucy, Violetta's father, Kip Van Buret, was seen approaching the lovers with a fail. Abandoning the aged patriarch, and with one last fond embrace Aladdin rushed down stairs and But Van Buret was not to be thus "done." He put after the flying Aladdin, and just as he was leaving the corner of the red brick house him a tift with the fail that placed him on the "lobby side of Jordan !"

AN INTELLIGENT BADGER.—At a hearing before the legislature of New York, on the question of appointing a receiver to take charge of the affairs of the school fund, Peter City Buck, Mr. Bininger, the President, was examined, but could not tell what the assets were, or what they amounted to. A gentleman of his examination was as follows:

Question.—Mr. Bininger, what is a perfect badger?

Judge.—What was the reason, then?

Answer.—Because I have been in many times before.

Question.—Mr. Bininger, what is a perfect badger?

Answer.—No.

Judge.—Do you know anything about banking?

Answer.—No.

Judge.—Do you know anything about banking?

Answer.—Yes.

Question.—You.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—The following old epitaphs on talkative old maids are terse and expressive, especially the latter. We have heard them say as literary assistants:

"Beneath this silent stone is laid
A maid, unmarried dead.
Who lived a maid, and died a maid,
And never talked one out of breath."

"Here lies, cursed be the man,
Who on the loss of May
Shall write a sad or mournful line,
Or shed a tear away."

AN IRISH VERDICT.—A few days ago, during a criminal trial at Worcester, Mass., a brother of the defendant was called as a witness. He was asked if he had ever talked with the jury. The brother, had very soon reason that he could not get on to it, and he answered promptly in the affirmative, to his having written the letter, he said that the letter was written under his directions; that he wrote it, and signed it, "Yours, &c., Patrick Corner." "Who was the man?" Willson—In the letter he wrote to the jury. The witness indeed a general laugh in Court, and the witness was informed that he might take his seat.

A WITTY LAWYER.—Dr. Bacon, of the Dalhousie, was examining a witness in the case of the Courier vs. a slander. The counsel for the Courier perpetrated an admirable pun d'esprit, which we have not seen recorded, and which we altogether too good to be lost.

"Now, sir," said he to the jury, "gentlemen, the counsel on the other side is noted for his legal knowledge, and his acuteness as a whistler." Laughter. "Gentlemen, knowledge and acuteness, gentlemen, he will find it very hard that time to cross me."—*Punch.*

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR.—A black man came west to Portland, and attended church. He took a dollar out of his purse, and the next neighbor asked the man who owned it why he put a negro dat into his purse?

"Why, sir, he's a Hayten."

"Can't help that—he's black."

"Why, sir, he's a correspondent of mine."

"Can't help that—he's black."

"He's worth a million of dollars."

"Introduce me."

☞ OBDURATE PRISONER.—You may engage a tenor, but you cannot make him sing.

Agricultural.

BALCO.

BALCO (9018,) red and white, calved February 28, 1849; sire, 4th Duke of York (10,167;) dam, (Wild Eyes 16th,) by the 6th Duke of Northumberland (6669;) g. d. (Wild Eyes 15th,) by the 6th Duke of Northumberland (1066;) g. g. d. (Wild Eyes 2nd,) by Belvidere (1708;) (Wild Eyes) by Emperor (1874;) by Wonderful (709;) by Cleveland (145;) by Bellerophon (104;) by Hollon's Bull (313;) by Mr. Rowbury's Bull (2842;) by Mr. Mentor-man's Bull (422;) descended from Mr. Michael Dobson's stock.

BALCO took the premium, winner of the first prize in his class, at the New York State Agricultural Society Show in 1854; is the property of L. G. Morris and N. J. Bexar, Mount Fordham, Co. Westchester county, N. Y., and was bred by the celebrated breeder, Thos. Bates, of Kirklevington, England. He was sold at his great sale in 1850, at 14 months old, to the Earl of Darlington, and brought double the price of any bull of his age. He was purchased by the Earl of Darlington, one year, when the skillful and enterprising breeder, Mr. J. S. Tanqueray, saw his value, and purchased him; and from which gentleman Mr. Morris purchased him, in 1852, to be delivered in the month of May, the present season to take him out of the country. He was imported in 1850, and at the Show of the New York State Agricultural Society of that year, he took the sweepstakes over exhibitors only, the Committee on Short Horn Bulls recommended, for spiritual and popular manners, his fine appearance, and his action, which is by no means inferior to that which we owe to love our fellow—children. Will all the boys and girls who read my magazine please to speak? This will, I know, if they wish to live healthy lives. Make it your study, therefore, my little reader, to sit upright, whether you sit to eat, to read, or to exercise. Now don't forget it. You must sit upright.—*Parents' Magazine.*

The Olio.

STANZAS.

BY LORD BYRON.

I heard thy fate without a tear,
Thy loss I learned to bear;
And yet there were among the dead
Few I loved more sincerely.

I knew not what faith ruled thy mind
Ere yet the last of sleep
The tears were wanting to the eye
But every drop in life lay
Upon the heart.

Yes—deep and heavy, one by one,
They sunk and tore its core,
As every sorrow hath undone
Yet dropping bitter there.
Their sources are beyond the reach
Then lookings reach woman,
Which only flow to wear the deep
But never melt upon.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The subjoined are 17 names

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, was the founder of Quebec.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, was a Governor of the United States